

The True Northerner.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1878.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL, of Newcastle, the heaviest man in the world, has just died at the age of 22 and the weight of 728. He was 6 feet 3 1/2 inches in height, 96 inches round the shoulders, and 76 round the chest; his thigh measured 47 inches, and the calf of his leg 35. The body, which decomposed rapidly, had to be hoisted out of the house and lowered into the grave by means of a derrick and tackle.

EDITOR N. F. ETHAL, of the Muncie (Ind.) News, published a slanderous article about the wife of Mr. Robert Polk, of that village. Mrs. Polk armed herself with a horsewhip and a handful of red pepper, and started forth in search of the slanderer. Meeting him upon the street she threw the pepper into his eyes, completely blinding him for a time, and, while in this helpless condition, proceeded to administer a sound thrashing.

The New York Daily Bulletin, the leading commercial paper of the East, in an editorial on business prospects, expresses the opinion that the worst effects of the commercial reaction have been realized. It believes we have at last reached solid rock, and the next thing in order is recovery; that we have reached a condition in which the foreign markets act as a breakwater against further depreciation, and afford an important contribution towards the recovery of business.

The American officers who were sent abroad to observe the operations of the Russo-Turkish war have been ordered home—Col. W. B. Hazen, of the Sixth Infantry; Lieut. Col. Alexander Chambers, of the Twenty-first Infantry; and Lieut. Francis V. Greene, of the Engineers. He was the only officer sent abroad who saw any of the operations in the field. He was present at the capture of Osman Pasha, and, in one of the assaults in the mountains, behaved so gallantly that he was decorated by the Emperor for bravery.

PROF. LEONE LEVI, of the University of London, says that the wages of the working classes in Great Britain may be taken at £400,000,000, £300,000,000 of which they finger directly as cash. In this case he holds that they ought to save £15,000,000 a year, and yet he cannot make out that the sum they do hoard exceeds £4,000,000. When asked what becomes of the £11,000,000 of surplus, which, according to him, the working-man's private budget annually shows the lecturer opines that it goes in buying more drink than is necessary or wholesome.

The course of true love, etc. Benjamin Smith, of Brooklyn, induced his sweetheart, Lily Lent, to die with him. They took two doses of laudanum, which wasn't enough; then he took a third, but she refused to come in, saying that life was good enough for her. Then he took a fourth dose, which was too much, and made him horribly sick, and they pumped him out and made him walk round the block in charge of two policemen till he got better, and then the girl had him arrested on the charge of administering poison with intent to kill.

PERHAPS the most striking of the foreign importations to the Paris Exposition are a couple of "natives" in a stall belonging to the Compagnie des Indes. One is engaged at a handloom, and the other is embroidering a garment, and, judging from the progress he has made in the last three weeks, there is a little chance of it being finished by the end of the Exhibition. As they bend down nothing is seen but huge turbans, "but now and then one will occasionally raise his head and show clean-cut, powerfully-drawn features, like the masks in Indian sculpture, and with large, brilliant, black-rimmed eyes, with the far-away gaze of caged wild beasts."

STATISTICS have lately been published in Germany of the rate of mortality in different European armies. From the tables given it appears that the average yearly deaths per 1,000 were, in the Prussian army, in the years 1867-9, 6.4; in the Saxon, 1868-9, also 6.4; in the English, 1871-4, 8.4; in the French, 1872-4, 8.7; in the English, 1860-70, 9.5; in French, 1862-9, 10.1; in the Belgian, 1870-4, 10.7; in the Italian, 1870-6, 11.6; in the Portuguese, 1861-7, 12.7; in the Belgian, 1867-9, 12.8; in the Russian, 1871-4, 14.7; in the Austrian, 1870-3, 15.3; in the Russian, 1862-71, 15.4; in the Italian, 1864-9, 16.3; and in the Belgian from 1862 to 1866, 20.3. The comparatively small mortality in the Prussian army is attributed not only to the favorable climate, but also to the care taken with regard to the food, clothing, and general well-being of the soldier.

A FATAL duel was recently fought in Lee county, Va., between two students of Turkey Cove Academy—Henry

Combs, of Kentucky, and John Bailey, a native of that county. The trouble grew out of a misunderstanding about a young lady to whom both of the young men were paying attention. The men met in a grove, and, without exchanging a dozen words, commenced firing at each other with navy revolvers until five rounds were discharged. In the last round Combs fell mortally wounded, and died soon afterward. The men were not twenty feet apart during the firing, and fought, it is said, with the desperation of madmen. Both were poor shots and unaccustomed to the use of firearms. Combs was a relative of ex-Gov. Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, and was a young man who stood well at the college.

MR. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, a gentleman who is engaged in writing a biography of Gen. Custer, has written a letter in which he states that he has made discoveries proving beyond a doubt that the massacre of Custer and his troops at the Little Big Horn battle was entirely due to cowardice and disobedience of orders on the part of Gen. Marcus A. Reno, and that after the fight Reno wrote a false and libelous report of it, which now constitutes the only official record of the affair. The statement of Whittaker having been brought to the notice of the House Committee on Military Affairs, the committee has very properly decided to report a resolution for the investigation of the massacre. The act charged against Reno is the most heinous of which an officer could be guilty, and if the charge is proved it will reveal a degree of cowardice and treachery almost unparalleled in the history of arms.

AN interesting paper on earthquakes in Japan was lately read before the Asiatic Society of that country by a native savant. The record of all earthquakes occurring in the larger cities of the empire has been kept with considerable regularity since the fifth century of the Christian era. The number of slight shocks is very large, and that of disastrous earthquakes is uncomfortable great. In fifteen centuries 149 destructive earthquakes had been recorded. The recorded average is one great earthquake in every ten years, but the nineteenth century gives one in every five years. Unusually high temperature and strange atmospheric changes have been noticed as precursors of great terrestrial convulsions, especially of the earthquake which desolated Yeddo in 1855. There have been several earthquake shocks in Japan in the early part of the present year; one of them, on the morning of the 23d of February, lasted fully one minute, during which period houses rocked like ships on an angry sea.

THE recent marriage at the White House of Gen. Russell Hastings and Miss Platt makes the seventh that has been celebrated there. In 1811, Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Madison, was married there to Congressman John G. Jackson, of Virginia. In 1820, Monroe's daughter Martha wedded Mr. Gouverneur, of New York. In 1826, John Quincy Adams' son John married his cousin, Miss Hellen, and, during the administration of Jackson, the daughter of his friend and companion-in-arms, Maj. Lewis, espoused M. Pageot, of Martinique, afterward Minister of France to the United States. There, too, Tyler's daughter married a resident of Virginia, a Mr. Waller; Tyler himself was married in New York, but held his wedding-reception in the East room, that East room where Mrs. Madison used to hang her clothes to dry, and where, in a bower of roses, Nellie Grant was married to Mr. Sartoris in 1874. There, too, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding on the 31st of December last.

SOME curious statements and calculations lately appeared in the London Times correspondence as to the popular notion of high numbers, such as millions, billions, and trillions. Mr. Bessemer said that he did not think any clear conception of a billion could be formed. Other correspondents gave the following facts: A single thickness of sovereigns spread over the floor of a room 71 feet 6 inches square is almost exactly one million. If, instead of being neatly laid in rows, the sovereigns are placed as closely as possible, a million will just cover the floor of a room 67 feet 6 inches square. Mr. H. Hawkins Johnson writes: "The difficulty of comprehending the idea of a billion is scarcely so great as Mr. Bessemer would have us suppose. A shot one-tenth of an inch in diameter is an idea readily grasped. It would take exactly one million of such shots to make a ball ten inches in diameter, and a billion of such shots would make a globe 83 feet 4 inches in diameter, which, although it may be called large, is not beyond ordinary comprehension." Mr. Lockwood writes: "In addition to Mr. Bessemer's dissection of a billion, it may be mentioned that fifteen persons may dine together a billion times without twice sitting in the same relative position."

It is estimated that in North Minnesota 500,000 acres of new ground will be put under cultivation this season.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Lumpy Loggerhead.
There is a curious boy, whose name is Lumpy Loggerhead;
His greatest joy is—oh, for shame!—
To spend his time in bed.
They fit with gongs alarm-clocks
That make your blood run cold;
And they encourage crows
Beneath his window sill.
In vain the gongs—his eyes are shut—
In vain the crows do crow;
Empty on him a water-butt,
And he will say, "Hello!"
But only in a drowsy style,
And in a second more
He sleeps—and, oh, to see him smile,
And, oh, to hear him snore!
He seems to carry, all day long,
Sleep in his very nose;
And though you may be brisk and strong,
You often want to gape
When Lumpy Loggerhead comes near,
Whose bed is all his joy!
How glad I am he is not here,
That very sleepy boy!

A Little Shaver.

One Saturday afternoon, 7-year-old tow-headed Guy Gray darts out of his mother's kitchen and runs down the road as fast as his small legs can carry him, which is about as fast as any boy of his size need wish to be carried. He does not stop running till he comes in sight of the house where Willie Jones lives and sees Willie standing on the doorstep. Then he slackens speed a little in order to get breath to scream out, "I can stay a n'our'n a half—a n'our'n a ha-a-a-a-lf."
Willie does not stir off the doorstep, but says calmly, as Guy came up, "Good!"
"Who's that little shaver?" Guy asks, as he sees behind Willie a chubby-cheeked boy with checkered apron and striped stockings.
"Oh, that's our new minister's boy come down to stay all the afternoon. He doesn't know how to play anything in particular."
"When I wish he was a fellow of our size. Isn't he smart enough to learn something?"
"Don't know. We can try him."
"All right! let's play I spy—that's easy's anything. Say, Bub, think you can play I spy?"
"I'm not Bub—I'm Johnny, and I'm smarter'n I 'pear's if I was," the little fellow answers, looking down at his copper-toed shoes, and pointing his red lips.
"Well, then, little shaver," says Guy, "we got to see who's going to be blind. You must stand up here and be reckoned on." And Guy repeats the following lines very slowly, at the first word pointing with his finger to himself, at the third word pointing to Willie, at the third word pointing to Johnny, and round again in the same order:
"Little-boy-driving-cattle.
Don't-youbetch his-merry-rattle.
One-two-three-out-goes-he.
The last word comes to Guy.
"There! I'm out," he says; then, to decide between the other two, repeats: "Eny-meny-mony-my-tusca-lina-bona-stry-argo-jargo-g-woff."
"G'woff" come to Willie, so that Johnny is legally elected blinder, but Willie thinks it is hardly fair for the new player to blind first, so offers to take his place.
"Now, Johnny," says Guy, "you and I must hide, and when Willie goes to hunting after us we must watch our chance and dodge out and put for that big apple-tree—that's the goal—then we're all right."
Willie goes to the big apple-tree; leans up against it, with his face hidden in his hat.
Into the barnyard Guy whispers to Johnny, then runs round to the woodshed and peeps through a crack. Johnny crawls under the barnyard gate and gets half across the yard before he sees that there are cattle on all sides of him, and a fat sheep ahead of him. Willie gives a hoot to signal the beginning of the search. Guy waits to see which way the blinder starts, then scampers through into the horse-barn just as Willie looks into the shed. Willie sees Guy, and, turning quickly, darts for the tree; Guy springs out of the barn door and tries hard to reach the tree first. It is a pretty even race, but Willie has the shorter distance to go, and touches the goal, shouting triumphantly, "I spy Guy Gray."

Now Willie looks for Johnny, and, while he is looking, hears a terrified scream from the barnyard. He runs that way, Guy close at his heels. When the gate is opened, there they see Johnny in the midst of the yard, down on the ground, with his checkered apron and his striped stockings covered with mud. Johnny jumps up as soon as he can, but before the boys get to him the old sheep of the yard runs at the little shaver and knocks him down again.
"Get out, you old blunder!" shouted Willie, running toward the sheep and flourishing his two fists in the air. The sheep turns and trots off to the other end of the yard. Willie and Guy lead the little shaver out at the gate, and, when they let go of his hands and look at his muddy clothes and try to say consoling things to him, he lies down on the green grass and cries for a minute or two, then grows angry and jumps up and shakes his fist toward the barnyard, then drops the small hand by his side again and says, sadly, "I do wish my papa wasn't a minister."
"Why?" both boys asked at once.
"So I could say what I want to."
"What do you want to say?" Guy questions.

"I want to say by ginger! by ginger!! by ginger!!! by ginger!!!!" Johnny rattles out as fast as his tongue can let off the words, growing louder and louder each time, and ending with another shake of his fist; then calming down, with a guilty look, says, dolefully, "but I can't."
"Can't? I should rather think you had," Willie remarks, solemnly, while Guy laughs outright and has to turn a somersault to relieve his feelings. Then Guy steps up to Willie and says in a confidential tone, "He's quite a chap after all, isn't he?"
And just then Guy's brother Herbert comes running down the road and calls out, "Come home—quick! Uncle Chester's here with lots of apples," and Guy just stops to say, "Come down to my house some day, little shaver," and scampers home.—New York Tribune.

Johnny's Kitten.

He has been wanting one for ever so long, but mamma thought he wasn't old enough to know how to treat a kitty very well. However he had his wish at last, for one cold morning when the back door was opened there stood a little shivering gray kitten, mewing piteously, and looking as if it would be so thankful for any kind of a home, even if a little boy did hug it and hold it a good deal.
"That's my kitten! that's my kitten!" shouted Johnny the moment he saw it, and no one disputed it.
So the little gray kitten began a new life, and had nice saucers of milk which it lapped and purled over, and bits of meat and bone which it growled over like any other petted cat.
Johnny puzzled a great deal over a name for it; nothing seemed to just suit him, but at last with a very bright face he said,
"Mamma, I've named my kitty Blotchy."
Why Blotchy, no one could imagine, but that became its name, and almost any hour you could hear a little boy's sweet voice calling:
"Blotchy! Blotchy! Come here, Blotchy!"
Blotchy learned to stand up and beg, and to give a paw, but it best loved to be curled up like a little gray ball in mamma's work-basket or in papa's slipper. Every morning, as soon as the back door was opened, in ran Blotchy from the wood-room and went straight to Johnny's crib, where it would spring up and nestle by his hand to his great delight.
One day a neighbor's dog trotted into the kitchen in a friendly way. Mamma did not pay much attention till she heard Johnny cry out, in a tone of great excitement:
"Mamma! mamma! My kitty has turned into a camel!"
Poor little Blotchy did indeed look as unlike herself as possible, and, with her small back arched up and every hair on an end, no wonder it made Johnny think of a camel's hump.
One day a little girl came to spend the afternoon with Johnny, and, when he showed Blotchy to her, she said:
"Why, that looks just like my kitty I lost four or five weeks ago!"
"It's my kitty!" said Johnny, hugging it.
"Let me see if there is a little white spot away in under its neck," replied Maggie; and, when they looked, sure enough there was the little white spot.
"I must take it home; I want it," said Maggie, and Johnny heard her with gathering tears.
It was too bad; it makes mamma sorry even now whenever she thinks of it. But Maggie loved the kitten, too, and had the first claim to it. Besides, papa and mamma were even then planning to take Johnny for a long visit at his grandpa's, and it seemed to the grown-up people a very good thing to have the kitten so well provided for. But the heartache and the loss were Johnny's. I only hope he has forgotten it utterly now.

Greek Meets Arabian.

For some time trouble has been brewing between two of Barnum's greatest curiosities—Col. Goshen, the Arabian giant, and Capt. George Costentenus, the tattooed Greek. Whether this has been caused by jealousy, so common to all professionals, has not yet been ascertained. The climax culminated the other evening in the dressing-room of the show, just after the introduction in the arena. The Colonel opened the engagement by lifting the Captain and hurling him some twenty feet in the air. The Captain was game, however, and, scorning the assistance of the clowns, returned the compliment by sending a stake-pin after the mammoth man. This was too much for the Colonel, and with tremendous strides he came to close quarters with his adversary, and sent him to earth. By this time, Assistant Manager Nathan was on hand, and insisted on the fight being finished before the audience. The Colonel laughingly declined, and the Captain retired to his platform. Capt. Costentenus complained of severe bodily injuries, and swore to have satisfaction. "I have fought single-handed against twenty ordinary men," said he, with a cruel glitter in his eyes; "I will have the blood of that big man." Col. Goshen was all smiles, and spoke as follows: "It is nothing creditable to be engaged in such an encounter, and I do not like to talk of it. I fought all through the Mexican and late war, and have served under several potentates. I think the man is yet to be born who dare call me a coward and expect to escape without injury. If that tattooed chap had minded his business I should have let him alone, but he is full of conceit and is continually insulting others. I bore his overbearing ways patiently, but when he insulted ladies in my presence I chastised him. It could not be expected that I, who have received a dozen medals from as many Kings, could stand by without rebuking his insolence. I gently touched him, and he performed a lively journey of about twenty feet before he reached the ground. Before he got through I just touched him once or twice more. I could have killed him, but I thought he was worth more alive than stuffed, so for Barnum's sake I only bruised him a little. Good day." And the giant hero of a dozen wars stalked off.—Boston Herald.

Mammoth Cave in Wyoming.

A new mammoth cave has been discovered in Wyoming Territory. A fortnight ago a dozen herders planted a windlass near the mouth of the cavern, on Table mountain, and a man went down with a lantern, clinging to a rope and spinning round a dozen times before he reached the bottom. There was a sheer descent of eighty-two feet to the bottom, where a passage 100 feet long led to subterranean chambers and vaults of enormous dimensions. The ceiling was fully sixty feet from the floor, and was studded with countless stalactites of all sizes, from a few inches to fifteen feet in length. The floor was covered with cones and stalagmites, like inverted icicles. In many places the stalactites were joined together, having the appearance of huge hour-glasses, and forming a number of pillars from floor to ceiling, adding to the grandeur of the scene.

The Bank of England was organized in the year 1694, with a capital of £1,200,000. Its present capital is £15,000,000.

REMARKABLE SURGERY.

Removal of an Enlarged Spleen.
An extremely interesting surgical operation, and an almost unexampled one, at least so far as this country is concerned, was recently performed at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, in Chicago, the following account of which we glean from a local paper: A German, named Becker, 38 years of age, was the patient, and, if he should manage to pull through this time Mr. Becker, will be a living monument to the skill of Chicago surgeons. His disease was enlargement of the spleen, and the morbid growth had attained to such a size that there was no hope of his living more than a week or two unless the spleen was removed. He begged of the attendant surgeons to perform the operation, and, after much solicitation, they consented. It was recognized by all that the operation was one of the most delicate character, and the officiating surgeon said that if they ever got the man off the table alive they would be ahead of what he expected. As it was believed that the enlarged spleen adhered to the stomach, an abdominal incision was made three or four inches long, and the result was that the worst fears of the surgeon were realized. However, Dr. Baxter decided to go on with the operation, for the poor fellow under treatment had but one chance in 10,000 of recovery, and that one depended upon the removal of the morbid growth. The result was that the spleen was removed in its entirety. In a healthy, full-grown man this organ (if such it can be properly called) weighs from seven to twelve ounces. The one removed weighed eight pounds, and the arterial and venous blood which ran from it weighed about three pounds more. The pulse of the patient remained steady and full during the entire operation, and when the surgeons left they entertained hopes that there was yet a chance of his recovery.

Enlargement of the spleen is fortunately not a common disease, and cures are even rarer. It is reported in medical circles that only nine operations involving the total removal of the spleen are recorded, and of these six proved fatal. Nothing of the kind has ever been attempted in the West until now. Besides this, in every case set down in the books, the spleen was "floating," that is, non-adherent. In this instance it adhered in several places, and the greatest difficulty met with by the surgeons was in finding a peduncle to which a ligature could be applied. The spleen has been removed from the lower animals without danger to life, and the only result has been that the animal has taken on fat. But the removal in man has always been a ticklish piece of business, requiring the nicest care, and even then 70 per cent. of those treated have succumbed, either from the shock, hemorrhages, or inflammation. In this case the great danger apprehended is from the terrible shock to the system. No man knows the functions of the spleen, but it is supposed to be a sort of reservoir, or perhaps filter would be the better word. It is generally believed that it serves as an organ for the relief of the portal circulation, and it is certainly in sympathy with the liver. Persons who have been afflicted with intermittent fever are peculiarly liable to suffer from enlargement of the spleen, but in this case the patient had not, so far as known, been affected in this way.

Greeley's Wood Farm.

Among the recent entries of real-estate sales at the Land Office, in White Plains, is one for 83 1/2 acres at Chappaqua, sold to A. J. Quinby for \$10,000. The property is memorable as being a portion of the Greeley farm, though not immediately connected with the old homestead. This still remains in possession of Mr. Greeley's daughters, Ida and Gabrielle, who are living at Tarrytown, Ida, with her husband, Col. Smith, and Gabrielle as a member of the household. Many who were privileged to visit Mr. Greeley at his Chappaqua home will remember the hill farm, or the woodland known far and wide from the mention of it in the "Recollections" of Mr. Greeley. When a bit of leisure offered itself from grubbing among his \$11 cabbages, or carrying out his radical ideas on pruning, Mr. Greeley would harness up a nondescript vehicle, known in the whole country as "Greeley's ark," and drive out about two miles to the eighty-three acres just now sold. It was as unsightly and forsaken-looking a bit of landscape as the eye of man ever fell upon. Some few spots of it might have been turned to a possible use as a sheep pasture, but the rest was strewn with boulders and filled with ruts. Mr. Greeley had planted over the whole plot with locust trees (agrobolus arboreus, serot, etc.), and these had come up in a rather promiscuous fashion. Mr. Greeley drove his stout piece of horseflesh among them, in his short-sightedness paying not the slightest attention to such trifling obstacles as holes a yard deep, boulders as high, young saplings or overhanging boughs, though his guests were apt to be of a different mind, and all the time would talk on about the great advantages of forest planting from a politico-social scientific view. When no visitor offered him a victim he found his way out to the wood farm and chopped about with an ax. To-day the plot is covered with a scrubby growth of locusts as big as a man's arm.—New York World.

The Sting of Bees a Remedy for Rheumatism.

The Praeger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt contains the following in regard to the cure of rheumatism by the sting of bees. The correspondent says: "That his wife having suffered so much as to be unable to enjoy any sleep or rest for the past six months, the right arm being almost lame, preventing the sufferer from doing any housework, making her even unable to dress or undress herself, and having heard a farmer, quite incapacitated by rheumatism, had been accidentally stung by bees, and thereby got entirely cured, he persuaded his wife to try this remedy, as the pain from the sting of the bees would not be greater than that already suffered. Three bees were therefore laid and pressed upon the right arm for a considerable time, in order that the poison bladder of the insect should entirely empty itself. The effect produced was astonishing, as the lady, even on the first night, was enabled

to enjoy a long, good sleep, the first time for at least six months, the racking pain being entirely gone. The arm was, of course, swollen greatly in consequence of the sting, but the swelling disappeared gradually upon the application of some cooling lotion. All pain was gone, the lame arm recovered its previous vigor, and not the least sign of rheumatism has since shown itself.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

GREENVILLE has now one of the finest opera houses to be found west of Detroit. The amount of salt produced in the Saginaw valley in May was 170,014 barrels.
It is reported that a 6-year old girl a lithica, named Brown, has hair twenty-five inches long.
A SON of D. H. Franklin, of Davisville, was drowned while bathing the other night. His age was 12 years.
THERE have been some 3,200 tons of hay shipped from Genesee county the past year, averaging \$7.50 per ton.
JOHN CHANE, in a fit of drunkenness, fell into the canal at the Sanlt and was drowned.
WOMEN will be admitted as delegates to the annual sessions of the Michigan Congregational associations hereafter.
The number of failures in Greenville during the last year is 38 per cent. of the number who were in business a year ago.
The Postmaster General has notified the mail-carrier on the route from Peck to Omrad, Sanilac county, that service on that route is discontinued.
DANIEL WILSON, of Washington, has an apple tree 55 years old, very vigorous, and which bears large crops of fruit.
ARRANGEMENTS have been made for holding a union picnic of the schools of Eagle, Riley and Watertown, near Watertown, July 4.
THE Mentalist Herald announces the birth of the first child in the village of Edmore since its organization. The boy's name is Edmore Elliott.
A FEW weeks ago Mr. J. A. Hall, of Homestead, was severely bitten in the arm by a horse. It is now feared he will have to suffer amputation.
THE eighteenth annual convention of the Michigan State Sabbath-School Association will be held at Flint, June 25, 26 and 27.
A FIRE near East Saginaw, the other day, destroyed two frame buildings and 50,000 staves; total loss, \$3,200; insurance, \$3,600.
A FIRE recently destroyed two double dwellings and one single one on Backus point, in Oscoda, the property of J. E. Potts. Loss on the building and household goods, \$3,500; insured for \$800.
WILLIAM CLARK, a farmer living near North Burns postoffice, Huron county, committed suicide by hanging himself recently. He leaves a wife and large family.
A JUSTICE in the township of Wilson, Charlevoix county, who is also a notary public, recently swore himself in as Justice, and forwarded the oath so certified to the County Clerk.
At Richfield, Jacob Schwitzer, while logging, was struck on the head by a pole, receiving injuries from which he died in a few hours. He leaves a wife and one child.
It is reported that a silver-ore deposit has been discovered in the vicinity of the Sault Ste. Marie river, and that parties in the neighborhood are "looking up" this alleged "find."
C. B. STREIBINS has resigned the position of Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, to take effect July 1 next. He will then have served the people exactly twenty years in that capacity.
THE Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad Company is about to discontinue the use of Pullman sleepers on its road, and introduce sleeping coaches of its own.
A GERMAN agent of the name of Wimpf has been examining the lands in the vicinity of the Menominee iron range with a view of selecting a tract suitable for the location of a colony of about 100 families.
TWO BARNs and their contents, with one valuable horse, belonging to John Willis, residing half a mile from Port Crescent, were burned the other night at midnight by an incendiary. Insured for \$500.
KALAMAZOO Telegraph: The greatest honor that a young painter can achieve is to have his pictures received in the Salon at Paris. This great mark of distinction has been conferred upon our townsman, Mr. M. E. Torrey.
A RIVER driver named Charles Wyline, who had been drinking a great deal, had delirium tremens and wandered out south of Manistee about five miles. He was found dead in the woods with his throat cut. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was suicide.
MR. CHELSEA CLARK, of South Boston, Ionia county, a man 85 years old, and blind, while walking around his chair for exercise, became dizzy, fell upon the floor and fractured his hip. The shock was so great that he died the next day.
A MAN named Norton, a blacksmith, 37 years old, single, went into a meat market at Cairo recently, and asked for a piece of raw beef. A slice was cut off, which he sprinkled with salt and attempted to swallow. It lodged in his windpipe, and he choked to death in three minutes.
THE tenth annual Convention of the German Workingmen's Benevolent Association of Michigan was held at Kalamazoo, last week. Delegates were present representing thirty-five towns of the State. Many of the most prominent Germans of the State were present.
THOSE two amiable Gratiot county female lunatics are still stitching away at the job of making two bed-quilts with 17,000 pieces in each. When the recording angel asks them how they spent their lives on earth, it will be amusing to hear them say, "We each made a bed-quilt."—Evening News.

THERE have been some quite serious fires in the Northern Peninsula woods. A large portion of the pine land lying between the Paint, Brule and Michigami rivers was burned over last week, and a crew of men at work for the K. O. Co., in that vicinity, had hard work to save their supplies and cattle.